Boston, May 19, 1838.

Dearly beloved Mother:

After an absence from home of nearly three weeks, I arrived here this morning, in much better condition, as to my health and spirits, than when I left. A kind Providence has taken care of my cherished wife and children. George has certainly grown taller, and little Willie looks finely. We have had great doings in Philadelphia, during the present week, which will make that city memorable. Some account will reach you, by the newspapers, before the arrival of this hasty letter; and, fearing that it may serve to create uneasiness at Brooklyn, as to my personal safety, I seize my pen — tired as I am — to say, that, although Satan has come down in great wrath in the "city of brotherly love," knowing that his time is short, yet he has not been permitted to harm a hair of our heads.

On Monday last, the Pennsylvania Hall, a very large and beautiful building just erected principally by the abolitionists of Philadelphia, was dedicated to Free Discussion, Virtue, Liberty and Independence, in an eloquent address by David Paul Brown of that city, an eminent lawyer, though not a sound abolitionist. The anti-slavery delegates of men and women occupied the hall several times, and had large and interesting meetings. On Wednesday evening, the public were informed that Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Maria W. Chapman of Boston, and Angelina E. Grimke Weld, would address the people in that hall. There was an immense audience on the occasion — some drawn there for deeds of violence, others to gratify their curiosity by seeing

the speakers, especially "the notorious Garrison," your "fanatical" son-in-law — but the greater portion evidently came to hear the cause of human rights pleaded in good old Saxon language. The floor of the hall was densely crowded with women, some of the noblest specimens of our race, a large proportion of whom were Quakers. The side aisles and spacious galleries were as thickly filled with men. Nearly three thousand persons were in the hall. There seemed to be no visible symptoms of a riot. When I rose to speak, I was greeted with applause by the immense assembly, and also several times in the course of my remarks. As soon, however, as I had concluded my address, a furious mob broke into the hall, yelling and shouting as if the very fiends of the pit had suddenly broke loose. The audience rose in some confusion, and would undoubtedly have been broken up, had it not been for the admirable self-possession of some individuals, particularly the women. The mobocrats finding that they could not succeed in their purpose, retreated into the street, and surrounding the building, began to dash in the windows with stones and brickbats. It was under these appalling circumstances, that Mrs. Chapman rose, for the first time in her life, to address a promiscuous assembly of men and women — and she acquitted herself nobly. She spoke about ten minutes, and was succeeded by A. E. G. Weld, who occupied nearly an hour. As the tumult from without increased, and the brickbats fell thick and fast, (no one, however, being injured,) her eloquence kindled, her eye flashed, and her cheeked glowed, as she devoutly thanked the Lord that the stupid repose of that city had at length been disturbed by the force of truth;

When she sat down, Esther Moore (a Friend) made a few remarks — then Lucretia Mott, and finally Abby Kelley, a noble young woman from Lynn. The meeting broke up about 10 o'clock, and we all got safely home. The next day, the street was thronged with profane ruffians and curious spectators — the women, however, holding their meetings in the hall all day, till towards evening. It was given out by the mob, that the hall would be burnt to the ground that night. We were to have a meeting in the evening — but it was impossible to execute our purpose. The mayor induced the managers to give the keys of the building into his hands. He then locked the doors, and made a brief speech to the mob, assuring them that he had the keys, and that there would be no meeting, and requesting them to retire. He then went home — but the mob were bent on the destruction of the hall. They had now increased to several thousands, and soon got into the hall by dashing open the doors with their axes. They then set fire to this huge building, and in the course of an hour it was a solid mass of flame. The bells of the city were rung, and several engines rallied, but no water was permitted to be thrown upon the building. The light of the fire must have been seen a great distance. At midnight, by the advice of friends, I left the city with a friend in a carriage, and rode to Bristol a distance of 20 miles, where I took the steam-boat next morning for home. Awful as is this occurrence in Philadelphia, it will do incalculable good to our cause; for the wrath of man worketh out the righteousness of God. Our friends are all in excellent spirits, shouting, Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Let the earth rejoice!

Excuse the hasty appearance of this sheet. I have just stepped out of the room, and on my return find my dear mischievous boy George using my pen on this page with great freedom. I have much more to say, but no time, as the mail closes immediately. Yours, affectionately,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

Single.

Miss Sarah Carson,

Waterbury,

Connecticut.

N.B. Helen joins in love to all the family circle. I will write again shortly.